DARK HORSE COMICS

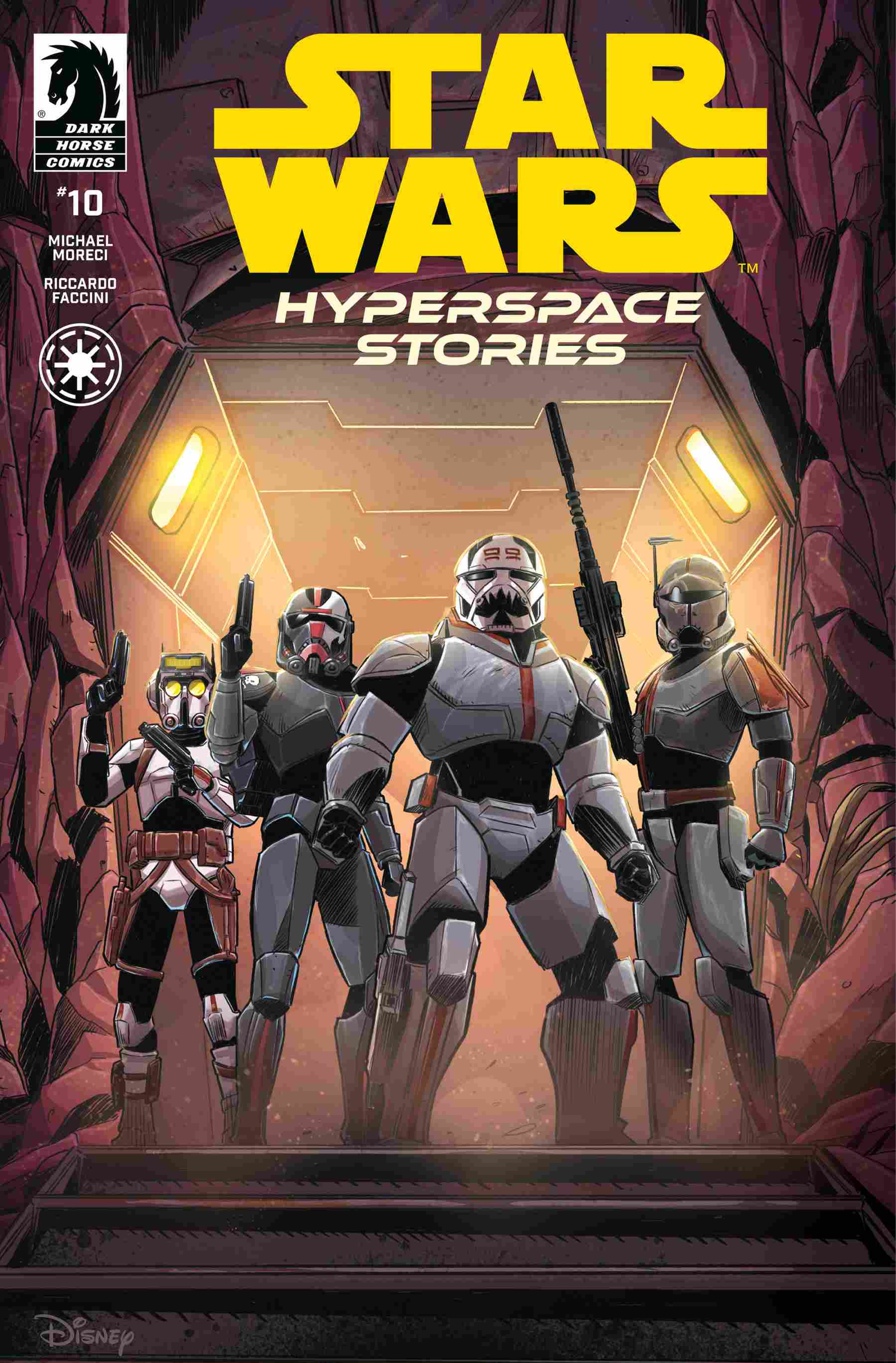
#10

MICHAEL MORECI

RICCARDO FACCINI

STAR WARS™

HYPERSPACE STORIES



Disney

STAR WARS™

HYPERSPACE STORIES

"Bad Batch, Right Stuff"

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This story takes place during
the Fall of the Jedi era.

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"*ANAKIN*, WHEN I SAY THINGS LIKE YOU STILL HAVE MUCH TO LEARN, YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I MEAN, RIGHT?

OF COURSE I DO. I'M LUCKY TO HAVE LEARNED FROM SUCH A GIFTED JEDI.

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE, MY FRIEND. THOUGH I WON'T ARGUE YOUR POINT.

BUT WHAT I'M SAYING--

--IS IF ANYONE IS GOING TO HELP THE FLEET DURING THIS ATTACK, IT PROBABLY SHOULD BE ME.

YOU'RE THE JEDI MASTER. YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE TO RISK!

YOU'RE DOUBTING MY PILOTING SKILLS, AREN'T YOU? IF THIS IS ABOUT THAT SKIRMISH AGAINST *TOFEN'S RAIDERS*, I ALREADY TOLD YOU MY SHIP WAS HAVING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES.

OF COURSE, MASTER. I'M MERELY SUGGESTING IF ONE OF US IS GOING TO GUARD *VIIVVEEN* AND ONE OF US IS GOING TO JOIN THE FIGHT, IT MIGHT MAKE SENSE IF--

DOWN! DOWN!

EVERYONE GET--

BOOOM

ANAKIN! ANAKIN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M FINE. YOU TWO OKAY?

NEVER A DULL MOMENT.

YOU KNOW, WITH ALL THIS WRECKAGE IN THE WAY...

...I *DON'T* THINK I'M GOING TO BE ABLE TO GET TO YOU. LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUR WOOKIEE FRIEND TO SAFETY.

NOW HOLD ON, ANAKIN. WE'RE *JEDI.* WE CAN SURELY FIGURE OUT A WAY TO--

NO TIME, MASTER! DUTY CALLS!

I HATE IT WHEN HE DOES THAT.

WELL, MY YOUNG WOOKIEE FRIEND, LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST YOU AND--

BOOOM

I BELIEVE IT'S TIME WE GET YOU TO SAFETY, LITTLE ONE.

RRRAAAARRRR

AAARRRR!

EASY, NOW. WE'LL BE OKAY. I KNOW IT'S FRIGHTENING, BUT EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.

AAARRRRR

RRRRWWWWW!

IF YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT ANAKIN, DON'T BE-- HE DOES THIS KIND OF THING ALL THE TIME.

YOU AND I ONLY HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING YOU FAR AWAY FROM HERE, AND WE WILL. TRUST ME--

"--YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO COME BACK TO A PLACE LIKE THIS AGAIN."

HEY, LOOK AT THIS--

SOMEONE LOST A STUFFY! CAN I KEEP IT?

UH... *WRECKER?*

YOU DO REALIZE WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BATTLE, RIGHT?

HUH? OF COURSE I DO!

BUT LOOK HOW CUTE IT IS! IT'S A LITTLE WOOKIEE!

PUT IT *DOWN.*

WE'RE NOT HAVING ANY MORE OF YOUR TOYS ON OUR SHIP.

AWWWW, C'MON, *CROSSHAIR!* JUST ONE MORE?

WRECKER, IF I HAVE TO TAKE THAT THING FROM YOU MYSELF, I--

HEY!

IS THERE A PROBLEM HERE?

I FOUND A NEW STUFFY!

SIGH...NO PROBLEM.

NOT AT ALL.

THEN LET'S GET A MOVE ON. WE'VE GOT OUR MISSION--

--TIME TO MOVE OUT.

HYLANTH.

A MOON IN THE OUTER RIM.

"LET ME MAKE SURE I'M GETTING THIS RIGHT..."

...WE'VE COME ALL THIS WAY BECAUSE OF *BATTLE DROIDS?*

WE HAVE OUR ORDERS, CROSSHAIR.

I'M NOT QUESTIONING THE ORDERS, *HUNTER...*

...THIS JUST SEEMS LIKE A MISSION THE *REGS* COULD HANDLE.

WELL, ACCORDING TO THIS DOSSIER, THESE AREN'T NORMAL BATTLE DROIDS.

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THEY'VE BEEN SOMEHOW MODIFIED. THOUGH WHO PERFORMED THE MODIFICATIONS, AND WHAT THOSE MODIFICATIONS ARE, REMAIN UNKNOWN.

WELL MAYBE THERE'S HOPE FOR THIS MISSION YET.

I THINK HE JUST NEEDS SOME CHEERING UP, IS ALL.

AWWWW, SOUNDS LIKE CROSSHAIR IS *GRUMPY.*

FEELING BETTER?

EH?

I CAN BLAST A FLEA OFF YOUR BACK FROM TWO HUNDRED METERS AWAY IN THE POURING RAIN--

--IMAGINE WHAT I CAN DO TO YOUR NEW TOY.

QUIET, BOTH OF YOU.

I'VE GOT MOVEMENT, THIS WAY. AND WHATEVER IT IS...

FFWWOOSSHH

...IT'S *FAST.* I CAN'T GET A LOCK ON IT.

CAREFUL NOW... *CAREFUL.*

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS...

...ISN'T RIGHT.

I'M NOT PICKING UP ANYTHING ON MY SCANNERS. IF THERE WAS SOMETHING HERE, IT'S LONG GONE BY NOW--

AHHH... CLONE FORCE 99.

THE BAD BATCH.

I AM DR. KRAIL. I WAS HOPING THEY'D SEND YOU.

WELL THAT'S NOT SOMETHING WE HEAR OFTEN.

WHY WOULD YOU HOPE *WE'D* SHOW UP ON YOUR DOORSTEP?

THAT'S EASY--BECAUSE YOU'RE CLONES. YOU'RE AN ASSEMBLY LINE CREATION. ONE THE SAME AS THE NEXT, JUST LIKE BATTLE DROIDS. EXCEPT--

WE ARE *NOTHING* LIKE CLANKERS.

NO, YOU'RE NOT.

YOU'RE *SPECIAL.* YOU'RE DIFFERENT FROM THE REST. *BETTER* THAN THE REST.

SAME AS MY BATTLE DROIDS.

NO CLANKERS ARE A MATCH FOR US. IF YOUR BATTLE DROIDS ARE SO TOUGH, SEND 'EM OUT, AND WE'LL MAKE SCRAP OUT OF THE LOT!

SEND THEM OUT?

I ALREADY *HAVE...*

THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THE LOCAL WILDLIFE TO DISTRACT YOU.

CROSSHAIR!

THE BAD BATCH OF CLONES...

...AND THE BAD BATCH OF DROIDS.

LET THE GAMES *BEGIN.*

WE'RE READY FOR ANYTHING!

HUNTER, ACCORDING TO THIS TOPOGRAPHICAL READING, THERE'S A SMALL BUNKER A LITTLE DEEPER INTO THE FOREST. IT'S WELL CONCEALED, BUT I'VE GOT ITS LOCATION. THIS *MUST* BE WHERE KRAIL'S STATIONED.

THEN LET'S HEAD THAT WAY AND PUT AN END TO KRAIL'S PLANS.

YOU MEAN AFTER CROSSHAIR IS DONE PLAYING WITH HIS NEW PET?

THOOM

THOOM

WHAT IN THE WORLDS--

HELLO, BAD BATCH.

TIME TO SAY GOODBYE.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME.

YOU TWO GO ON AHEAD. I'LL HANDLE THIS ONE.

CRACK CRACK CRACK

WE'RE ALREADY DOWN CROSSHAIR--

DON'T WORRY, HUNTER. I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU...

...THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!

LATER...

THE BUNKER ISN'T MUCH FARTHER AHEAD.

I CAN SEE NOW WHY COMMAND DIDN'T WANT KRAIL'S TECH TO FALL INTO SEPARATIST HANDS. THE LAST THING WE NEED ARE CLANKERS WHO CAN ACTUALLY *FIGHT.*

I CAN SEE HOW THAT WOULD BE A PROB--

FWWOOSSHH

HOLD, TECH. HOLD.

I THINK MY FRIEND IS BACK.

I'LL COVER YOUR BACK. WHATEVER THIS THING IS, IT'S BOUND TO COME OUT AT ***SOME*** POINT.

NO. YOU GET TO THE BUNKER.

FFWWOOSSHH

GO, TECH!

I'LL HANDLE THIS ONE! YOU GET TO THE BUNKER!

SAY GOOOBYE, BAD BATCH. SAY GOOOBYE.

=HUFF HUFF= WE'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR HOURS. CAN'T YOU SAY ANYTHING ELSE??

SAY GOOOBYE.

I HEARD YA!

SAY GOOOBYE, SAY GOOOBYE.

WOULD YOU STOP IT!

NO!

SMASH

MY STUFFY!

AAAWWWW!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT!

SAY GOODBYE?

OH, YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR WISH, DROID...

SAY GOODBYE! FOREVER!

WAAAAAAAAHHH

SMASH

WRECKER? WRECKER, ARE YOU THERE?

I'M HERE, TECH. YOU FIND KRAIL?

I BELIEVE I'VE LOCATED HIS FACILITY, BUT I CAN USE SOME BACKUP-- I'M SENDING YOU COORDINATES.

GOOD...

"...I'M IN THE MOOD FOR BLOWING STUFF UP."

HMMMM...

...WELL, THIS IS SUFFICIENTLY TERRIFYING.

I WONDER...

...MUST BE A POWER SOURCE AROUND HERE SOME--

HOW DRAMATIC.

AT LAST!

ONLY ONE OF YOU MADE IT--JUST AS I ANTICIPATED. I'LL ELIMINATE YOUR BROTHERS LATER.

SO YOU STARTED BY CREATING ADVANCED BATTLE DROIDS--A "BAD BATCH," AS YOU SAY. AND YOU BELIEVE THEY'RE SUPERIOR TO US. INTERESTING.

CROSSHAIR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

NEVER BETTER. THOUGH APPARENTLY, DR. KRAIL HAS ME RIGHT WHERE HE WANTS ME.

I HAVE *PERFECTED* THE BATTLE DROID AS WE KNOW IT, AND SOON--

SPTEW!

HEY!

YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU DID THAT, *CLONE.* WHEN MY CHILDREN STORM THE BATTLEFIELDS, YOU AND YOUR KIND WILL BE *OBSOLETE.*

AHH!

THUMP

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU AND YOUR DROIDS, KRAIL...

...KEEP YOUR HEAD UP!

GET HIM, MY PRECIOUS DROID! GET HIM!

HUNT. HUNT. HUNT.

AH AH AH.

BEFORE YOU GO, I OWE YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING...

ZZIIPP

HUNT. HUNT. HUNT.

YES, YOU'RE PART OF A HUNT ALL RIGHT...

HUNT. HU--
KKKKKZZZZKKKKK

...BUT YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF IT.

YOU THINK THIS IS OVER? IT'S NOT OVER!

CLICK

NOT WHEN ALL MY MISFIT BATTLE DROIDS REMAIN.

ROGER ROGER

ROGER ROGER

ROGER ROGER

ROGER ROGER

ROGER ROGER

ROGER ROGER

WELL, THIS IS... INTERESTING.

TECH, YOU FLANK THE FAR SIDE. CROSSHAIR, YOU KEEP YOUR DISTANCE AND--

RRRAAAHHH!

HERE WE GO.

YOU! MADE! ME!

LOSE! MY!

STUFFY!

HOW ABOUT NOW? IS IT OVER NOW?

YES, YES...

...IT'S OVER NOW.

SORRY ABOUT YOUR STUFFY, WRECKER.

AW, IT'S ALL RIGHT.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD FLY OVER WHERE YOU LOST IT, SEE IF WE CAN LOCATE IT?

NAH, WE'LL NEVER FIND IT.

THAT LITTLE STUFFY IS GONE...

"...IT'S LONG GONE."

LOTS OF GOOD JUNK... SO MUCH *JUNK.*

GOOD JUNK. GOOD SCRAP. WILL BE ABLE TO *SELL* FOR MANY CREDITS.

HMMMM.

INTERESTING. NOT THE USUAL JUNK, BUT...

...MIGHT HAVE VALUE.

YES...

...MIGHT HAVE *VALUE.*

THE END

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